

RUBBERIST 6



dressing for pleasure in rubber and latex

£8

THE

RUBBERIST

NUMBER SIX



This title is now the most popular of all the Shiny magazines (although *Dressing for Pleasure* is a close second) and the only complaint is that should be published more often than twice a year.

Point taken, and since readers are responding so well and so generously with new photographs, we are planning a quarterly publication for next year.

Since much of the submitted material is in colour, we are looking at the economics of giving you more pages in colour. That is expensive.

We have already taken a big gamble. To see if we can produce *Rubberist* more often and in colour we have put together a RUBBER SPECIAL. This should be published by the time you are reading this and we are as keen as we are sure you will be to see the finished result as it will be the product of a new printing process.

It costs only £2 more than this magazine but has 52 pages—all in colour.

Our accountant and our bank manager both think we are raving mad and will go bankrupt. We disagree and believe we will get the full support of our readers. If everyone of the present readership will buy just one copy then will recover our costs.

If they buy two, and if we can find new readers, then will be able to finance our ambitious new plans. Not only that but we will have the great pleasure of watching our accountant eat his hat.

Send us your £10 (plus £1 if you live overseas) and support our venture. Then let us know what you think—and please send us your contribution.

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SANDRA

needs no introduction to regular readers of Shiny magazines—she loves dressing up, she loves meeting readers and reporting on the scene . . . and she loves trying anything new . . .



My husband and I always look forward to a visit from our friend K. K always has something new to show us and his imagination when it comes to rubber costume is quite amazing.

All K asks is that I dress up for him and, of course I am glad to do so. I like to mix rubber with my other favourite—the shiny vinyls and leathers. As you know I love shiny boots.

This is the costume I chose. Ian took the pictures with K's camera and I must say he is becoming quite a good photographer even though all he had to do really was to press the button thing as K had the camera all set up on a tripod and focussed.

K is into bondage and restraint—nothing heavy but he loves me to help

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A guest at Sandra's home brings with him his own pa



erty costume but Sandra soon makes him feel at ease!

RUBBER FRIENDS



After admiring Christina (that is her in red) with her friends, turn over and read her personal story



RUBBER FRIENDS

I sometimes think, reading your magazine, that many of your readers long to make friends especially with those with similar tastes but believe that those self-same sexual tastes prevent them from having a genuine friendship. That is not so.

Perhaps my husband and I have been fortunate. We have made good friends through our mutual interest in rubber and latex.

I think of dressing for pleasure in rubber as a hobby and I think wives should share their husbands' hobbies. That is one way of getting to know each other intimately.

I met my husband Peter 20 years ago and I believe I love him now as much as it did right at the start. Because of our jobs, we don't have nearly enough time for each other and so I don't want him to spend his precious leisure time on a hobby that excludes me.

So when, right at the start, I learned that Peter had this unusual 'hobby' and was even trying to keep it a secret from me, I decided I needed to find out not just why but to understand and, if I could, join in.

Peter had a cupboard full of magazines and videos showing lovely women (and men) wearing figure-fitting rubber suits, masks and gloves. He was so shy at showing me his collection, frightened that I would decide he was too 'odd' to become a good husband.

He was so surprised and so loving when I showed an interest and we looked at the magazines together.

Then I decided I would have my own secret. I found the address of a shop that sold rubberwear and I went there.

The sales lady was so understanding when I said I knew nothing about these garments but I wanted to surprise and please my husband.

I bought a rubber suit in red, a mask, long gloves and some other things.

I will never forget the night that Peter came home and saw his Christine dressed from top to toe in red rubber.

First he was speechless and then he caressed and kissed me saying I was wonderful.

Peter dressed in his black, heavy rubber suit and put on his mask so he became a perfect rubberman and partner.

He also became such a lover as no wife could wish better.

That was the first of many times to remember.

Wearing rubber is such a sensitive feeling. I cannot properly express that feeling in my native German so it must be impossible in English. No dictionary has the right kind of words. All I can say for sure is that our sexual life has a new variety that I never thought was possible.

We have invented so many games. One is our Riding Game where Peter is my horse and I am the rider. He has a bit-gag combined with his rubber suit, a mask and a blindfold. I am seated on a rubber saddle with a dildo up there. When the horse begins to buck I have such an orgasm!

One day Peter bought for me a pair of what the French call 'dancing pants' except these were in rubber as were the two plugs inside them. Peter asked me if I would go for a walk in the woods wearing the 'dancing pants'?

Wearing our rubbersuits hidden under shirt/blouse and trousers, we drove in the car to a deep, secret part of the woods. There we took off the street clothes and pulled on our black rubber boots, put on our gloves and then our masks. I look as you see me in the picture on page 7.

Although we both felt very self-conscious and foolish, we kissed and caressed each other and we massaged the plugs inside us. For I said to Peter that if I was to wear such an under-garment as he had bought for me, he must have an anal plug inside his rubber suit and his penis well covered with a rubber sheath.

We could not walk far, our 'toys' were so exciting us and both of us were hot inside our suits.

When it began to drizzle we started to count the raindrops on the smooth rubber of our suits. I began to smooth the drops from Peter's smooth rubber covered body and he was doing the same for me with such ecstatic results for us both.

We returned to the car and drove home quickly for there something we had to do most urgently!!!!!!

I must tell you now about my body-fitting dark red rubber dress. Peter had it made for me taking the measurements from a favourite leather suit.

I was to wear it outside with a wide rubber belt of the same colour. Then I was driven to a big shopping mall to select some matching high heel shoes.

I wore sunglasses so I would not see too many of the stares I was getting from the men. In the shop I was the first to be served and the shop assistant asked about the material of the dress and where could she buy such a dress?

Such attention I got on my walk back to the car, balancing carefully on my new high heels. A young man opened the door to the lift

Continued on Page 45

Christina enjoys 'dressing for pleasure' so much more now she has a friend like Roma who shares the same tastes. Christina hopes her personal confession will encourage more women to participate in their husband's 'hobby'. Other pictures are in the Rubber Special.



The pleasures of wearing rubber . . .

IN MANY LAYERS

It takes nine coats of paint to give that perfect, protected finish to a Rolls Royce. Many dedicated rubberists see this as a challenge—how much rubber can you wear without dissolving into a perspiring liquid. Can it be a cure for a weight problem caused by a diet of modern junk foods?

Tight fitting rubber pants with feet, a heavy rubber-pullover with polo collar—that is a good start. Then gloves of course and a helmet.



. . . are in finding how many layers you can wear

Now comes the stocking foot waders. The stocking foot waders are temporarily adjusted with the arms inside so they can be certain to stay pulled well up after the next layer is put on.

This next layer is a trunk length divers top also in heavy rubber and once it is on it is pulled up so the straps on the waders can be fitted over the shoulders. Then it can be pulled well down reaching right down and covering the thighs.

Now comes the SBR cape.

The outfit is still not quite complete for

the wearer's satisfaction and pleasure.

Turn to page 44.

After the cape is on, our ardent

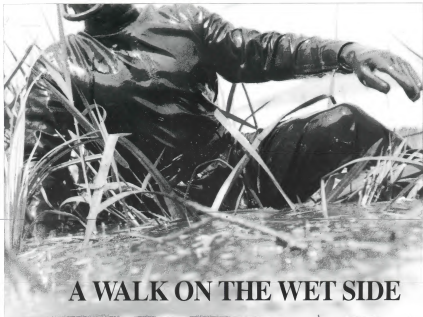
rubberist is now strapped to a chair to curb what he describes as 'unnecessary movement'. Proximity to the radiator

An 'ardent rubberist' sent us these pictures of his 'dressing for pleasure in many layers to achieve total rubber enclosure'.



and experience total rubber enclosure





A WALK ON THE WET SIDE

Dick has been featured before — and he is also in the Rubber Special. Here he gives us a graphic description of the joys of wading

I travelled very, very early to the site in my favourite rubber suit with latex tights and tee-shirt as underwear. Once the car had been parked and the rest of the gear for the weekend had been unloaded into the caravan, I was able to complete the the dressing. As I was already impatient for my first wade of the day I put on the gloves, then pulled on my heavy thigh waders. Once I was down by the lake, I put on the gas

mask and secured the cowl of my suit over it. I was now in my private rubber world. The cold of the lake struck straight through the rubber but then came that wonderful warm reaction from my body—and with it the hardening of an impatient penis.

I sat down in the shallower water and felt the water flood my waders while I spread the wet over my rubber covered body with my rubber gloved hands. How I love the sight of smooth, wet, shiny, black rubber and the sensuous feeling that were being transmitted to the whole of my body from the focal point of my hardening penis.

This I slid surreptitiously into the vertical position and I revelled in the sexual feelings I was experiencing. After a few discreet thrusts, I allowed myself time to calm down before rising and continuing the wade gradually venturing into deeper water.

The water was now sucking in the rubber tight against me, my feet were almost anchored to the lake bottom by the weight of water already inside the feet. I knelt down at the shallowest spot I could find where the water just washed right up me



LATEX! RUBBER!

SAE brings you a copy of our rubber price list — examples: bra £13.90, briefs £7.30, long gloves £8.75, suspender belt £10.95, long stockings £15.95, men's briefs with comfort sleeve (S, M, L) £9.50. Or send £5 for our full colour brochure including 'Latexa' Danish rubber. Also 48 page sexy lingerie brochure E2. SAE for leather price list.

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Our shop is open Tuesday to Saturday 10am to 6pm. On A104 Woodford to Epping Road, 7 minutes from junction 26 on M25



Dressed in his layers of rubber and his long wading boots, Dick finds sexual inspiration and pleasure in exploring the lake.



Walk on the Wet Side

and flooded my water still more.

Soon I was pushing and thrusting my hot, hard penis against the pressure of the water against the suit. Through the eye pieces of my mask I could see the outline of my complete sexual arousal, completely obvious even under the thick rubber. It showed as a black shiny ridge running up from my crotch to just below my waist.

I rolled the ridge against the lake bottom creating a long wave as I turned. I was now having to exercise considerable control to avoid an early orgasm.

I managed to get to the shore and release some of the water from my flooded boots. There the temptation to stroke the ridge with rubber gloved became irresistible. Still stroking, I waded slowly into the reed bed and knelt down. I gave a couple of

firm thrusts against the rubber. It would not be long now.

I seemed to be sinking deeper into the lake and great yellow eddys of sand were circling away from me. My eye pieces were misting up and could hear my breathing speeding. There was delicious feeling in my thighs under the rippling rubber.

I leant forward so the water could cool my penis through the rubber but it was now too late. The first spurt of semen into into my tight rubber suit came with tremendous power. Then came a second that made me grunt with exploding pleasure inside my mask. Then came the final weakening throes as I expelled the last drop of semen into my rubber suit. Gradually my strength returned and I

stood up in the reeds feeling the exquisite warmth of the semen as it slipped down my legs and into the space covered by my boots.

I sloped very slowly to the shore; sat and emptied my waders. Then I removed the mask and stood up ready and relaxed to return to the caravan.

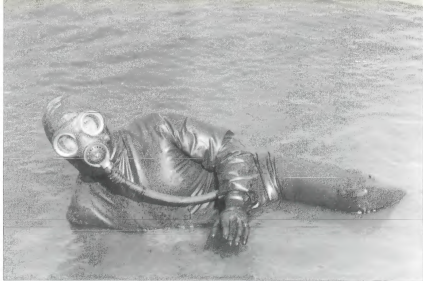
There I stood the waders to drain and dry while I toweeled my suit and I made myself some breakfast.

After that I put on a shirt and trousers and short rubber boots and went to the shop for some supplies. I took off my gloves but the top of my rubber suit showed at the neck. Nobody here thought this strange. Frogman regularly came to the lake.

I was now ready for my second wade of the day. It was just a question of what I

Dick has several frogman's suits in his collection





would wear over my second rubber suit. I had a good choice and I knew that whatever the decision, I would soon be pumping again.

After that I had the afternoon to remove the suit, clean everything up before making up my bed in the caravan with rubber sheets and a pillow. Then another rubber suit would go on, fresh gloves, a different mask. The outcome would be same satisfying spurring, this time pressing my erection against a rubber pillow rather than a lake bottom. Then would come wonderful relaxation and a sleep.

A simple supper and I would be rubbering up again. Perhaps I would be putting on rubber slacks under one of my black rubber macs which allowed me to reach in with rubber gloved hand to stroke my ecstatic member?

More likely it would be layers of rubber to hold off the night cold and waders for a visit to the lake. There in the dark I would soon be rampant again . . .

Tomorrow I would probably put on my full frogmans outfit over my rubber pants and wear the flippers and the breathing mask and explored the deeper end on the lake. There the water pressure would really inspire a good thrusting bulge in the suit!

This was going to be a really jolly good weekend.





GWEN

Of all our many contributors, Gwen must receive the largest postbag. We now have a new address so if you have not had a reply to your letter, do please try again as your first letter may have gone astray. Mark the envelope 'Gwen' in pencil and affix a first or second class stamp. We have published several pictures of Gwen in the *Rubber Special*. Here are two more. One shows a new inflatable hood that Gwen says is very comfortable to wear. The other picture is of a nursing outfit.

The next issue will have more new pictures, including several of superb floor length maces and a nun's outfit, together with an article.

Hallmark of all Gwen's pictures is the time and care taken to get a perfect result with both the costume and the lighting. Gwen is a perfectionist and chooses everything with great care, designing the outfits as well as doing all the photography.



You have no need to bring your letters and welcome contributions to the editor personally — sending them in the post will do. Please include your name and address (not for publication) so we can forward to you any letters from fellow enthusiasts. If you are one of those, and want to make contact, pencil the issue, the page number and the writer's initials on the envelope. If you live in the UK, we would appreciate a stamp for postage; foreign readers are excused.



LETTERS

MORE OFTEN

Congratulations on a superb magazine—the best thing ever for we lovers of all-over, all-in wonderful, wonderful rubber. My one complaint is that you make us wait ten months between issues. That is not fair as you bring out your other titles far more regularly. Please bring the magazine out monthly and help relieve my frustration.

My wife is always an immediate beneficiary of your sex-inspiring publication so she will support my petition.—H.K. (Powys).

We think our cartoonist Chris (see page 45) would also agree with you. There is good news for you both on page 45.—Ed. Just one suggestion—please bring out the Rubberist more frequently than twice a year.—C.F. (London).

You may as well? Quick, turn to page 45 but also that we had THREE this year if you count the RUBBER SPECIAL.—Ed.

RUBBER MEMORIES

The letter from C.D. of Sussex in *Rubberist* 5 pages 33 and 34 and his pictures brought back happy memories of my wife and I back in the early days of our

courtship. Like C.D. we loved going out in all weathers and having sex when the mood took us.

Madge's mother and my parents were very strict. No sex outside marriage and so there was no chance for us except out of doors and Madge soon found that I was right and you needed to wear rubber. I had a three wheeler Valiant in those days and no way could you make love in the back of that so it had to out doors.

Like C.D. we managed to take a few pictures. I have found a couple for you that I hope you will publish although I know they are not very good as we didn't have a very good camera.

My wife used to wear black rubber pants cutaway at the front and a padded rubber bra too. She had rubber motor cycle pants that a man in Manchester made for her that had a white zip that ran right through the crotch and a leather jacket. Her thigh motorcycle overboots had long zips up the back and she got them from her brother who had been a motor cycle fan.

Her top coat was a shiny vinyl mac she bought in a London store and was made in Paris and it had a cowl that pulled over the head.

I wore a long rubber jacket, rubber cycle leggings tucked into rubber knee boots, a three quarter rubber mac and a souwester. That was our wild weather courting outfit and writing about it now sounds rather silly. But doing stupid things is a part of being in love.

We used to drive out in my Valiant to places that we knew—we were living in Lancashire at the time—and sometimes it was the beach at Ainsdale or sometimes up on the moors.

We were both very highly sexed. I am especially highly sexed when I wear rubber. As I was wearing rubber leggings and not trousers, it was easy to get my slippery dick out. Madge never needed any encouragement, she spread herself and got the zip on the trousers open even before I could even have the condom packet open.

There was no chat and no foreplay like you read these days. I'd pull the condom over my slippery dick and it went straight in and we both went at it. My wife liked to be able to lift her boots so they rested on my shoulders and that really got it in.

SHOPPING WITH SHINY

As well as the all-colour RUBBER SPECIAL (101), we have other magazines of interest to rubberists. And our three videos of course RUBBER RIDING, RUBBER FUN, DRESSING FOR PLEASURE. We also have a selection of catalogues including a new one from ECTOMORPH (E8).

Drop us a line and ask for a copy of the new free SHOPPING WITH SHINY LEAFLET which will tell you more.

G & M Fashions (Leisure) Ltd., PO Box 42, Romford, Essex RM4 1QT.

LETTERS

Condoms cost two shillings for a packet of three and I was spending ten bob a week on them so you can know what it was like for us.

Madge loved the feel of rubber—still does I think.

I am proud of my manly equipment and I can stay hard for almost as long as Madge wants. I liked doing it dressed up like this and Madge did too right up the day we got wed.

That was funny because the night before the wedding my mum and dad sat us down and told us all about sex!! I don't know how Madge kept her face straight when they talked about her losing her virginity. I don't think they ever guessed that they had a really randy daughter-in-law. If they had known that we also liked doing it dressed in rubber, I think they would have died with shock.

Rubber really gets me going (still does). I am a good performer in bed with nothing on although I do like it when I can get my wife to wear her rubber pants or her rubber bra and then stroke me with a pair of black (they must be black to excite me) rubber gloves. The feel of them on my skin makes me shiver with lust.

Madge is not that keen on rubber but she is keen on sex which makes the difference. She whispered to me right after the wedding when I was kissing the bride that she fancied me right then and there and didn't think she could wait! She is like that. So she doesn't mind what I do or wear.

I know this sounds like boasting but so many readers try to sound guilty about it and they shouldn't. That is why I liked the letter from C.D.—he liked doing it too in his mac and his waders—and his wife did too.

Hand on heart I can say I have never looked at or wanted another woman because my wife has always set out to satisfy my sex needs as I have hers. I think that it is so important in a marriage. We have been married 34 years in December and slippery dick is still able to thrust in and pump pinto into her and Madge still likes it almost like she used to.

We have not had it outdoors since those great courting days but C.D.'s letter has revived me and now I am shopping for the gear and looking for a secluded place. It might be a second courtship—like a second honeymoon.—P.D. (Oxford).

THE MAN W

W

e try hard to make every issue different and interesting as we don't want readers dropping to sleep halfway through! In the last issue we tried out something new—science fiction and a reader illustrated a story about a race of female rubberists.

We had over forty letters—the majority of them complaints and so it does not look as though it is an idea that we will repeat even though one reader—G.L.—has sent us a most exciting sequel.

Here are extracts from some of the letters. It is curious that most readers missed the point of the story 'The Man Who Was Not' which was intended to be *make*

love not war. Once the Nozamas had discovered the delights of making love they would abandon their blood-thirsty habits . . .

I have to say that while the illustrations to your story in R5 were brilliantly done, I found the bloodletting as real turn off and very upsetting.—B.A. (Suffolk).

The story was very dull . . . there was not enough rubber . . . almost any fabric could have been used . . . not enough rubber description although the illustrations were excellent.—K.P. (Notts).

Please don't frighten our wives with wuch frightening stories showing knives and power attributes . . . I think the pictures are too much.—L.T. (Sweden).

I was frankly revolted with the story's bloodshed and violence . . . if readers want these things they can

We would have liked to publish your fascinating, fun pictures of you and Madge but we have to follow legal guidelines which allow us to show inviting, receptive female genitalia such as Madge is coyly showing over the tops of her boots, but not the erect male instrument about to make a dramatic entrance! This is despite any artistic or photographic appeal such a picture may or may not have. Fine if this was a sex manual but as, in the eyes of the law, it isn't we dare not publish your pictures. Sorry about that.—Ed.

RUBBER CORSETS

Readers of issue 4 page 17 will be saddened to hear that the world famous manufacturer of rubber corsets—Alstons of Eastbourne—closed their doors forever last May. Mr T. Alton and his partner decided to retire after more than 57 years of trading.—G.M. (East Sussex).

A PAIR OF WADERS

Those of us who gain satisfaction from the wearing of the heavier rubber clothing would, I think, agree that the most

important, most rewarding, single item of clothing is the rubber boots. It is the boots that symbolise ones dedication to the joy of rubber.

Green boots I find boring and uninteresting. I like heavy black waders.

There was a time when I believed that I was probably the only person in the world who was turned on by the sight of rubber waders although knee high rubber wellingtons come a close second.

I knew nothing of the world of rubber fantasy and fun now so openly discussed in the *Rubberist*. It has come as such a pleasant shock to find there a lot like me. I laugh now when I think of all the drama and self doubt I went through. I was actually frightened when I went to buy my first pair of waders.

In answer to my nervous enquiry, I was waved to the department upstairs. There I saw rows of rubber boots. I was trembling when I touched a pair of Cebo waders. The strong smell of new rubber permeated my nostrils and the feel of the rubber was making me shudder with pleasure.

A voice said "Can I help you"? A young female was standing beside me. I

HO WAS NOT—VERDICT

find them in the horror comics.—*Mrs. L.S. (Scotland).*

The last issue was the best you ever produced. I did feel though that the futuristic story had some very gruesome parts . . . and I wondered if the ladies might not find that particular story offensive and 'exploitive'—in the sense of women maiming each other for the 'entertainment' of men. — *G.M. (U.S.A.).*

The sci-fi story was very good indeed and the illustrations very stimulating. The drawing on page 23 was exceptionally good because of the weapons that were attached to the body armour. I do hope Robert Henley will write another story as good as this.—*J.H. (Staffs).*

Congratulations on a very witty and intelligent story for a change. The fiction in the Shiny magazines is usually boring rubbish and badly

illustrated . . . at last, not only professional artistry but a story that had some very clever things to say about the true nature of the rubber fetish and its hidden psychology. Very few rubberists—as you insist on calling them—are prepared to face up to the hidden sadism and the masochism that lies at the heart of the matter. More please.—*D.D. (London).*

I thought the story was a very good attempt to be different and to expand the scope of the publication. The pictures were striking. There is every reason to be experimental and my only complaint is that this story took up so much space. You need more pages or else shorter 'experiments'.—*S.G. (London).*

I am looking forward to the next instalment . . . I want to know how 'Not' gets out of the mess he is in . . .

don't keep us in suspense.—*F.J. (Cambs).*

I cannot say that I liked the story all that much . . . a bit too bloodthirsty for me . . . but I liked the drawings more than I can say and I hope you will ask your artist to draw more for you . . . he is the best I have ever seen in drawing rubber and I have made 20 by 15 in. enlargements of the drawings on page 27 (top) and page 23 for my wall. Many of my friends have commented favourably.—*A.G. (Cornwall).*

What a surprise to find you showing women with the attributes of the male—and getting their own back on them.

I'd have enjoyed the story more had 'Bossyboots' been a man. *Mrs. V.V. (West Germany).*

managed to say that I wanted to buy a pair. She asked me what size? She suggested I should try them on.

Nervously I took off a shoe. I put one boot down and held the other open and looked down into the black abyss. I lifted my leg, pointed my toe and slipped my foot gingerly in. The feeling of my leg going down and down and still not reaching the bottom was amazing.

When my foot hit the bottom and the toes went into the foot, I took a hold of the rigid band around the top of the boot and pulled it taut to the foot. It was a nicer feeling than even I had imagined.

The assistant asked how that felt. I dare not tell her. I could only nod when she advised me to try the other one.

I stood there, legs slightly apart, feeling the rubber tighten and then slacken round my knees and against my calves and thighs as I rocked to and fro on my heels. The assistant bent down and pressed her hand on the toe, squeezing. Just that simple action made me feel quite dizzy.

She said brightly that with a pair of thick, woolly socks on my feet, they would be a good fit. She advised me not to have anything smaller being completely

unaware of the purpose for which I wanted them was one that did not require the wearing of socks.

She suggested I walk up and down to see how they felt. How I felt was now more important to me. My penis was rock hard and I was worried that she would notice the bulge in the front of my trousers. She didn't.

On the walk back across the floor I caught sight of myself in a full length mirror I stopped dead. I looked so different—something acutely masculine and superior.

She went off to get my receipt as I managed to sit down carefully and reluctantly remove them. I wanted to say that I would leave them on but felt I couldn't.

My legs felt naked and cold when I got the boots off.

Nonchalantly, the assistant folded each boot in turn and stuffed them into a plastic bag, saying that these were good boots I had chosen as they were designed to be cut down to any leg height I felt comfortable in. I didn't want to know. I almost snatched them from her and rushed out. I wanted to repeat that

experience in private as quickly as possible.

That was some years ago and the pleasure of putting on and wearing a pair of rubber waders has never diminished. I have spent many happy hours rubber macked, rubber gloved, rubber hooded and, of course, rubber booted right up to my crotch.

A lot of happy spunk has dribbled down those boots over the years and I can honestly say that the pleasure has done me no harm.—*R.W. (Leicestershire).*

NO BOOBS

Marion looked stunning in her mac in the last issue but I don't why you let her show off her breasts like that. Yes, I know she is proud of them but I thought they looked disgusting. Surely the whole point of being a rubberist is *protection* and not to show acres of naked flesh? Please don't.—*E.E. (Middx).*

Is it? Why not?—*Ed.*

MORE MUDLARKING

Being a subscriber to all the Shiny magazines, I have to say that *Rubberist* is

LETTERS

the best. The pictures of Michelle in number 4 are breathtaking—I love to see the female body in clinging latex and rubber.

I just wish though you would publish more pictures of watersports and mudlarking rubberists like those pictures in numbers 1 and 3. Can't you persuade some of your ladies like Michelle to try out their rubberwear in a muddy pond? I would like to see mudlarking as the theme of a Shiny video ('Dressing for Pleasure' and 'Rubber Fun' are both excellent by the way).

I have the impression of being the only citizen in Denmark with these special interests. I know the S/M fanatics like to play with rubber but as yet I haven't found any that simply dress for pleasure in rubber and love slushy, slushy, toshy games outdoors.

The women I meet and like all seem to screamingly depart me as soon as even mention the words 'rubber' or 'latex'. I find this most depressing which is why I would be lost without your magazines. I would like you to forward me letters from readers who feel as I do about mudlarking.—L.J. (Denmark).

As well as the readers opposite, we have four pages from D.W. describing his 'fun'. We know it is never easy getting pictures of this kind of rubber pleasure—the camera gets in such a mess—but we do hope readers will do their best to send us more pictures of this popular pastime.—Ed

More Letters on Page 31

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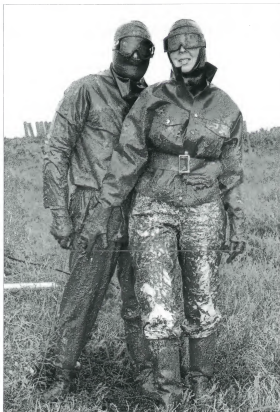
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GLORIOUS MUD

We had two pictures in the last issue of this couple from the USA. Trying to show you their muddy activities in black and white was not a success and so here they are again in colour.

The couple, who ask to be anonymous, spend a lot of time at their home dressed in rubber. Here are two pictures of the lady beside their swimming pool with her husband testing her unlined red latex mac with the hose.

Not far from their home is a lovely muddy creek where they go to enjoy themselves

dressed in rubber capsuits, rubber trousers, jackets, boots and gloves.

Getting the worst of the mud off before returning home is the difficult part. Fortunately the river is near.

The couple say they find it impossible to explain what it is that is so fascinating about impersonating a hippo. They say they are reminded of an English comic song by Donald and Swanee where the words were: "Mud, mud, glorious mud, there is nothing quite like it for cooling the blood".

We look forward to your idea and your photographs. It seems to be growing in popularity. There is even a Bog Wading Festival held annually in the West Country.



THE BEST KIND OF THERAPY

*They had in common
the same curiosity
and the same wish to
find out what it would
be like — which was
as good a foundation
for love as any*

*A short story from a promising new
author, 'Clayton', his first published
opus — but not, we predict, his last.
He tells us the story was inspired by
Mary, our cover girl on Issue 4.*

“So tell me Clayton, why did it take you three weeks to come back to work?” Derek enquired, before he took a bite of his lunch.

“I needed some special therapy that I couldn't receive at the hospital” I said with

a smile on my face, knowing if I didn't tell him he would pester me, until I did.

“It was only after they stopped giving me pain-killers I got a good look at Mary”, I said. Derek cocked his head and said “Who's Mary?”

I sat there with a smile on my face recalling some memories; too long for Derek who kicked my shin to get my attention. “Mary is my physio-therapist. She was the one who gave me my rub downs”.

My mind wandered back to the time when she introduced herself. I went silent again but Derek kicked my shin again. “Am I going to have to kick it out of you?”

“Sorry” I said. “I'll start from the first session”.

Mary was very pretty. About 24, I guessed, with a superb figure and a warm inviting smile. She was also very professional. She instructed me to turn over as it would be rather difficult to rub my neck and shoulders from the front. Face down, I heard some very familiar snapping, and popping sounds, I turned around and she was putting on some long surgeon's, transparent rubber gloves. “To keep the oil off my hands” she said. I guess she was used to the question being asked so often.

As Mary stroked and rubbed, her rubber gloved hands seemed to be pushing the blood down to my now very awake penis, as “He” (I call it “He” or “Him” as it sometimes has a mind of it's own.) was trying to sit up to see what was going on up top.

As she moved to my shoulders, I was in absolute bliss. She then put oil on my back, and started to rub it in. The sensation of the rubber gloves and the slipperiness is something that has to be experienced.

Mary did this for a while. “There you go Clayton, I'll be back this evening to do this again”. As she was pulling off the rubber gloves, I thanked her but I didn't move, not only did I not want her to see what she did to ‘Him’, but it was if she sucked the strength from my body.

It was later that day, I reminded Derek, that he had dropped in with all my mail that had

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rather accumulated after my accident. Most of it was the usual junk but at the bottom were my subscription magazines, among them my favourite.

I had no time to hide the magazine when I heard Mary's footsteps. The best I could do was to push it under the sheet.

"Are you alright? you look rather flush" Mary said as she pulled on her gloves.

I coughed for a second and said "No, I'm fine, uh, could we do this a little later though?"

"Sorry, I'm already running very late tonight. Please roll over". If she noticed the excited state I was in, she didn't say but she could not fail to notice the magazine sticking out from under the sheet.

I felt her pause from rubbing. I heard her flipping through the pages. I felt myself

blush. Her silent perusal seemed to take forever.

"I have never seen anything quite like this", she said at last. "Oh, I see, it came from England". She slipped the magazine into the drawer beside the bed and began the massage again. When she finished, I wanted to talk but she said "Sorry, running late" and vanished.

The absence of any scorn or condemnation had caught me off guard but it is difficult to hold a conversation face down and with this mysterious recurring erection. I tried. I wanted her views.

After the next massage, she paused before leaving to flip through a few more of the pages of the magazine which had been deliberately left open by me. I tried then, and after the next massages—the last of the

course, to bring the subject up but she was always seem to preoccupied with making sure I had recovered full muscular control. Getting her phone number was a lot easier than I thought it was going to be. I said if I suddenly got another spasm from my wounded spine, I would feel more confident if I could give her a call.

I waited two days after leaving the hospital before I rang her to say that although my back seemed better there was still some pain and could I pay her for another of her wonderful massages? She made an appointment for the next evening at her apartment.

Mary felt my spine through my shirt. She smiled, and said "There is really nothing wrong in that area is there?"

I tried to deny it but she sat me down and said if I had wanted a date, I should have simply said so. She invited me to stay to supper as there was something she wanted to show me.

Mary vanished into another room of her flat, and I could hear a cupboard opening and a swishing sound.

There was other odd noises and minutes passed before she came back.

I felt my mouth open, and I couldn't have closed it I wanted to. Mary was wearing a floor length, black rubber cloak.

"Do you like it" she asked as she turned around so I could get the full view.

Before I could reply Mary opened her cloak, I could see that she had on a skirt, stockings, long gloves, long line bra, and I could just see the top of what looked like a suspender belt. All the garments were made of black rubber, and very tight, all except her skirt which was knee length, loose and flowing and her short rubber boots.

She seemed to be filled with suppressed excitement. "I bet you never thought you'd ever see one of the pictures in that magazine—what was it called? *Rubberist!*—brought to life?" Mary seemed delighted at my astonishment as if she were playing some kind of bizarre joke.

Mary folded back the cloak and sat down. She said her parents had both been keen on wearing rubber and it had always intrigued her. They both had gotten such an intense and passionate pleasure from wearing rubber clothing like this. She liked the smooth feel and there was something about the material but she could never decide what it was, not even when she had, after her parents died, tried wearing some of the things herself.

Her father had warned her, when he had found her one day trying on some of the



Continued on Page 39

Fetish Fantasy

From a set of intriguing pictures by master photographer Hammar from Hamburg. A master of fantasy, Hammar tells the story in pictures of a maid serving a mistress, both of whom are bewitched by rubber. There is a Prince in this story who comes to their rescue—only to be bewitched himself.

No, sorry we can't show you those pictures because of the extraordinary laws in this country which don't allow for fetish art and fun that is deemed to be 'explicit'.

Still, you can admire these four pictures and invent your own story.







RESPIRATOR



It should be possible to wear any

kind of mask or respirator without discomfort. A lot of women are put off 'rubbering' by their first uncomfortable experience wearing a gas mask—a disaster which could have easily been avoided.

The first thing to worry about is safety. Any mask of any kind must be easy for breathing. Any gas mask being used with a hose or a breathing tube must have a non-return valve in the facepiece. Or, if it is the WW2 Mark V type, it should be used with a filter that has a non-return valve incorporated in it. Make sure the valves are in working order. Test the respirator prior to any 'dressing for pleasure' session. Wear it for at least five minutes to ensure it is working properly.

The fitting of a mask is most important if it is to be comfortable for long periods.

All hair should be combed flat. A rubber head-dress should then be fitted (the full head type is best), spread it wide between your fingers and draw it down over the front of your head almost touching eyebrows, stretch it and pull it tight right down to the nape of neck. Apply talc to the head-dress, take it over your head leaving it in a bundle at the back of your neck. Take your selected mask and loosen all straps, clean lenses inside and out with soft cloth.

Place a small wad of cotton wool inside the chin section although Gwen advises two tampons removed from tubes. She says these are very absorbent and will take care of any undue sweat over a period of three to four hours. Remember, if you wear a leotard or a catsuit you will sweat more.

Gwen advises pre-heating the interior of mask by holding it in front of a turbo heater. She says this has two advantages: it stops misting as soon as you put it on and it makes rubber expand slightly. This helps the respirator to grip better once it is on and cools to body temperature.

Spread straps wide, insert the chin into mask and gently pull whole mask back over the head. Make sure it is sitting correctly, then adjust each strap in turn for a tight and comfortable fit.

RELAXATION



It is a good idea to apply a small amount of talc to the straps that should be sitting snug to the head or on the rubber helmet. Now pull any overhood up over the lot so it fits smoothly and overlaps your mask flanges by about one inch. Pull neck of hood down smoothly. Gwen says you should now find that your mask is a living part of you.

What to wear as an overhood or an underhood can be a problem. It must not bunch up in a way that blocks the breathing apertures. Open faced helmets/head-dress are usually the best and G.M., a reader in America, buys latex rubber balloons and carefully cuts out a space for the face.

Lisa (page 37) likes these and can be seen wearing one with her respirator. We will forward letters if any readers want more information on this idea and details of where the balloons can be obtained.

Gwen says if you are a rubber TV and want to wear make-up under your mask, don't use any foundation. Don't wear extra long false lashes as these will touch glass. Do use waterproof eye cosmetics.

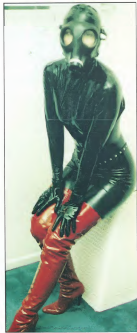
Gwen also says that if you wear a cape or mackintosh with an attached rubber hood it is best to leave it down as it slithers off your overhood or fit a press fastener to your cape or mack hood as this will hold it tightly and neatly over your mask.

Take great care when you adapting respirators to suit your costume and perhaps add new tubes.

Remember you need to be able to breathe both in and out.

'George' of Chemical Defense Agencies is willing to give readers advice and he can also supply suitable respirators. Write to him at *Europa, Grove Mount, Ramsey, Isle of Man*. (Do ask about the new Hungarian 70M hood respirator. Made in soft grey rubber, it is very comfortable to wear and almost entirely covers the head.)

We are grateful to both him and Gwen for their help in preparing this article. The pictures are from our Northern Ireland readers and, left, our editorial consultant testing one of George's respirators (rubbersuit by Sealwear, SBR coat and souwester from Weather or Not, waders Uniroyal Coarsefisher, Jipco gauntlets).



TOTAL ENCLOSURE

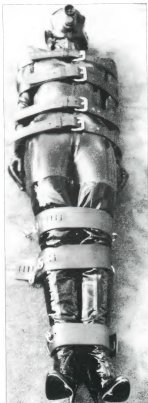
M

y wife and I like total enclosure in rubber. Our favourite 'game' is to dress up in one of our several catsuits (almost all our latex gear comes from Slinnwear of America), add some gloves and a latex hood and we are ready for an hour or two of wonderful fun. Being totally enclosed in tight, tight latex is a most sensual experience for both Christina and I.

I like Chris to tie me in a prone position with large black leather straps to keep my shoulders and arms immobile and a variety of other straps to hold me snug against my latex cocoon. I wear a rubber

Jack and Chris practice their rubbering in Nevada





Jack and Chris both find relaxation in rubber. Both like to experiment with mild forms of restriction. Here is Chris prone in her rubber under five straps. This is only practiced when the other is present and never for long periods. At the first sign of discomfort there is immediate release.



hood or a gasmask over an open face rubber helmet. We do like gas masks. Ours were made in Germany—very good quality are comfortable to wear.

Chris then puts on her her catsuit and boots—either the tall, shiny black patent

pair or the pair in red that reach right up her legs—while I lay for an hour in my cocoon she will read me from one of your magazines.

There are all sorts of 'games' we like to play. We have so many combinations of costume.

Chris likes collars, hoods and masks. I have enclosed a few of our pictures.

One favourite of hers is a thick leather waist belt that goes over her rubber costume and has D ring on either side. I can then restrict her in various ways using a nylon rope that goes through the rings.

We are not into bondage but rather mild forms of restriction so that we can find either complete relaxation under the watchful guidance of the other, or else sexual experiments involving new positions and total enclosure.

We do enjoy reading to each when dressed up head to toe in rubber and there is no shortage of magazines here—and no censorship. *Fetishist*, *Domination Directory* and *Silento* are some of the titles we like. But your magazine *Rubberist* is among the best as it has real enthusiasts as models.

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MORE OF YOUR LETTERS

OLD POSTCARD

In a little junkshop I came across this old postcard, dating from the early 30s. I imagine. It show the celebrated stage and radio actress and comedienne Gladys Cooper in a smart rubber mackintosh with a souwester. Strange to think that back in those days pin-up pictures of stars should have featured rubber.—G.H. (*Isle of Man*).

Have any other readers got period pictures like the one below?—Ed.

FAVOURITE OUTFIT

I love rubber (and rubber loves me) so greatly it is very difficult to isolate any particular outfit as being my favourite. Furthermore, I believe one of the most special qualities of rubberwear is the most seemingly almost infinite variety of pleasurable experiences it affords the rubberist! (and variety is the spice of life, as they say).

I enclose four pictures of 'favourite suits' but there is one which could be described as providing the ultimate pleasurable rubber experiences.

First I slither into a gossamer thin, skin tight hooded black catsuit from which the

Reader G.M. (see letter) show some favourite suits — a loose fitting black latex catsuit, a snug fitting red latex catsuit, close fitting latex bloomers worn over a moulded sleeveless jumpsuit with a suitable opening. The top is a lycra cycling jersey cropped at the armpits. The fourth picture show the same with a lightweight red latex leotard worn instead of the bloomers.



sleeves and foot parts have been removed—and to which I have added a small round opening for my balls and cock to be on the outside. The suit is so snugly yet softly conforming to my body's every curve and 'nook and cranny'—and is so thin—the combination gives that extraordinary sensation of being both naked and encased at the same time!

Of course, by the time I am into that suit, my exposed balls are taut and my cock is raging rampant—already 'salivating' in anticipation of what is yet to come. (No pun intended.)

I then top off that first suit with a complete backzip red catsuit which is equally thin and snugly conforming—making a delicious rubber sandwich out of my aching vitals—pressing my balls upward and plastering my upright ramrod member against my rubber covered belly. The effect gives my male equipment the appearance and feeling of being 'vacuum packed'—with every detail clearly outlined. I am now ready for hours of pure rubber bliss!

I usually begin with a 'bump and grind' movement in ultra slow motion—causing my member to teasingly slip and slide up and down between its tight rubber encasement. Then I will lie down on my rubber covered waterbed and continue with what I call prone 'rubbercises' again in slow motion—alternating between being flat on my back, on my right side, on my left side, and lying face down. (I really have to be careful in the latter position or the added pressure of the cushioning water filled mattress against my member will 'end it all' in a hurry!)

Sometimes while lying on my back, I will lay a soft water filled rubber 'love pillow' over my vitals—it's weight pressing down and conforming the rubbery cushion around the 'works'—gently rocking the water in the pillow from top to bottom changing the degree and points of it's pressure to give, in effect, an oh-so-smooth massage!

Sometimes I will lie still and just 'soeep' in my snug rubber envelope for awhile—savoring the sensation of the rubber against my skin everywhere.



LETTERS

I also love to caress my vitals and body—especially the legs, buttock and stomach—through their slick rubber membrane with my bare hands during the session.

I keep myself on 'the very edge' the entire time—prolonging the ecstasy by varying the degree of activeness.

After being so attired for a couple hours I finally cannot help but go over the edge in an explosive, shattering orgasm inside that thin, tight double rubber cocoon! It literally feels as if my whole body becomes one huge, rampant, flared head rubber encased penis in the final moments. It is a fabulous feeling!

I then drift off to a blissful sleep, soaking in that sweat and orgasmic-juice-slickered-rubber-encasement for the night. Oh how I hate to get up in the morning—wanting the feeling to go on forever!!!—G.M. (U.S.A.).

STAGE BY STAGE

As an enthusiast and illustrator (I am the artist who did the drawings for the controversial 'Man Who Was Not') I have to say that black rubber tightly sheathing the female form provides me with the greatest inspiration. This is particularly so when the enclosure is complete with perhaps only the small aperture of an open faced helmet as the only relief.

The examples in your magazine have been many. The model from Cocoon in her hooded catsuit and the gasmask; Barbara in her suits, hoods and boots (DFP6 and 9), the couple from Northern Ireland and the incredible Paula from Tanta Flash are just some of the memorable highlights.

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WEATHER OR NOT.

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I would very like to see a complete feature on the catsuit, so often the basis of a rubberist's collection. My suggestion would be to take along a willing model and to have her measured and dressed in a complete rubber ensemble, suit mask and boots and all. Photograph every stage.

Perhaps you could extend the feature to include a sheath dress over the top, or a corset and long boots.

On another subject: does anyone know where I could purchase either a black, smooth skin neoprene diving suit, as seen in *Rubberist 1*, or a black 'membrane' drysuit and hood, as used by police frogmen and the navy, I believe?—*Slitc*.

A good idea and we are seeking a maker to cooperate with us. Watch this space. The Cornish Wetsuit Company, FREEPOST, Wadebridge, Cornwall PL27 7BR will send you a copy of their brochure on Neoprene suits but readers may be able to give you better information. The rubber wetsuits are available in America and are used by the Harbour Police in Seattle—we have seen them.—Ed.

HELP WANTED

I am looking for a black heavy weight latex man's mackintosh. I have had two but they have been on the thin side and have not worn well. Do you know of anyone making of the same weight as the wet suit? K.W. (Beds)

Do you know where Barbara got her splendid white rubber waders from (Page 6 *Rubberist 2*)—G.M. (U.S.A.).

Can't help either of these readers. If you have any useful suggestions please forward the letters free of postal charge.—Ed.

RUBBER PANTS

My fascination is with rubber panties and short rubber skirts. I can only explain it by saying that at the age of 12 I was introduced to my new born nephew and was inexplicably attracted by his rubber pants. I think it was something to do with the feel of the material.

It is odd how some incident as small as that can inspire you to discover a new pleasure. I wear rubber pants and so—to please me—does my girl friend.

Don't ask me to explain it but it does so much for us both. From the very first time I found a pair of rubber pants to fit me, I have had such pleasure and enjoyed so many orgasms.

Please show us more pictures of ladies in rubber pants and if any reader wishes to correspond with me on this fascinating subject I'd be pleased to hear from them.—D.W. (U.S.A.).

With the belief that a picture is worth a 1000 words, a reader in York—Mr I.B.—sent us these opposite of his Sealwear one-piece catsuit with hood worn with mask and gloves. He says he likes to wear his suit with high heel shoes or, when he is going wading, one of his many pairs of waders. The green chest waders are a combination of shiny vinyl and rubber; the brown thigh waders came from Japan.

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LETTERS

LOVEMAKING MASKS

In reply to Sue's question on page 39 of the last issue about the best way to use masks to get orgasms, my husband and I think we have solved it. For us masks are an essential part of rubbering but, as Sue says, gas masks bang together when you are in throes of passionate sex and you can't kiss either. For that reason we only wear our masks for masturbation sessions.

For really Close Encounters we wear two piece masks which Len has made. The lower part is in thin latex and covers the mouth and chin, the slightly overlapping upper part made from thicker rubber covers the eyes and nose, with two holes to see through. Goggles and a helmet on top keep them in place. You can breathe freely through the nose yet still get that wonderful sensation of rubber enclosure that is such an important part of lovemaking for the rubberist.

We got the idea of kissing through our masks from an old number of *Atomage* and found the feel of our lips and tongues moving against each other through the rubber very exciting. . . . These thin masks allow us to talk to each other without being so muffled as in a gas mask with the added thrill of seeing the masks move as we urge each other on. Like many readers, we change our outfits frequently for our sex games. If we are in the mood to kiss properly we wear dust respirators with our upper masks. We have replaced the filter connections with rubber patches and taken out the outlet valves so that they work both ways. They can be easily slid down for kissing. I enclose a couple of pictures one of Len and two of me wearing our masks.

Our other recent 'improvement/variation' to our sex games has been the use of a soft

rubber dildo. The sensation of rubber inside me as well as out has been shattering. We tried it the other night with each working on the other. I was brought to a terrific climax as the dildo was worked right in and I suddenly saw Len's thick cream spurt into my rubber gloved hands and run down my mask. I really enjoyed that.—Mrs. L.S. (Scotland).

Mr. L.S. on the left and two of Mrs. L.S. on the right in their masks.

The leading manufacturer of latex rubber sheet have published an A3 size calendar featuring six black and white pictures of which this is a sample. They are also offering a set of six colour prints of A3 pictures on A2 size sheets suitable for framing. The calendars cost £13 post free (add £1 for postage overseas) and the prints £1 more. Send your orders to Four D Rubber Co. Ltd., Heanor Gate Industrial Estate, Heanor, Derbyshire DE7 7SJ enclosing a cheque and mentioning this magazine. European customers are asked to send a Eurocheque.



MORE COMPLAINTS

Rubberist fills a need in the rubber scene as there does not seem to be anything else of similar quality.

I find though that some of the articles and photos are quite crude genital shots that show explicit penile shots of women—such as those of 'Petra' in issue 4.

Personally—and my wife agrees with me—I believe that this sort of picture is not what the rubberist wants to see. These pictures are better seen in the girlie magazines.

Besides, these photos can only bring down the wrath of the womens libbers and the law on you, declaring such magazines should be banned.—K. P. (Notts).

I noticed some criticism in the last issue of the 'Specialist Treatment' article in number 4 featuring Petra pleasuring herself with a rubber dildo. I for one did not find the dildo objectionable or inappropriate. I was, however, surprised to see the dirt on her rubberwear (apparently crumbs of some kind from the floor) in a quality magazine like *Rubberist*.

That is the sort of photography one usually finds in cheap rubber and domination magazines which even have

the models often wearing torn garments.—G.M. (U.S.A.).

The Rubberist tries its best to reflect the rubber scene without resorting to models posing in a studio. Having said that, if we get offered material from genuine rubberists, we do try to include it. Petra approached us and she sent us the pictures.

She told her story frankly and openly and we thought it and her pictures, crumbs and all, well worthy of publication.

Petra complains that we are "macintosh

mad" and "show page after page of those boring funeral-black mags". She adds that showing all these mags is "just catering for perversion instead of screwing".

Her views on gas masks are even stronger—she accuses us of "war fantasising" and says that we should concentrate on encouraging "lots of healthy sex and not all these death-images".

We wonder if we will ever manage to produce an issue that will please EVERYBODY?

We have just had a supply of the latest issue of 'U' (No. 3) and it contains some superb rubber photography. Strongly recommended — it costs £10 from us (add £1 for postage if you live overseas).

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L **LATEX LISA**

isa can't tell you how it all began. She just shrugs and says that when she was a teenager she loved going fishing with her father and clumping along the river bed in a pair of waders five sizes too big for her.

Her father brought Lisa up after her mother left them when she was still very young. Her father was an expert in civil defence and she remembers there was always all sorts of rubberwear around including gasmasks and she often tried things on in front of the mirror.

"I think maybe Dad was a bit of a rubber freak which was why mom left him. Maybe I have got it from him."

Lisa is reticent about her youth and how she really became 'a rubber freak' herself.

She met James (Jim) at a party when she was wearing "this really tight black rubber dress I bought in a car boot sale.

*loves shocking the
sheep and the
walkers when
she dresses
for a country
ramble*



LATEX LISA

It was a size too small but the women who sold it to me said it would stretch. True it did but it sure made me wriggle and my arse must have been a real sight".

The sight attracted Jim and "after a few dates he took me back to his his place. I thought it was for sex but it was show me his collection of rubberwear.

"It was a sort of a funny co-incidence because his wife had walked out on him and it seemed liking rubber had something to do with that".

We are promised the full story but first we were invited to photograph Lisa showing off some of her collection which she keeps in Jim's country cottage. "This is where we really have a lot of fun dressing up.

I love putting on my rubber suit and then pulling on my waders and then putting on my mac. I like to get Jim to take me for a walk—I get funny looks and I rather like that even if Jim does get a bit embarrassed.

"Some of them seeing me think maybe World War 3 has started, others that I am a member of Greenpeace protesting about the pollution in the environment.

"I don't care. I am just mad about gasmasks—the way they affect your breathing and the funny feeling when you are all rubber—and it is raining—and you look out through the glass on the mask—and it is like another world out there—all sort of misty—and you are inside feeling and hearing the rain paddling on the rubber and squidding down your boots but you not getting wet".

Lisa even does the cooking and the housework, so she tells us, dressed in all in rubber or plastic and wearing a gas mask. "I am sort of crazy, I just like it—and so does Jim".

We will tell you more about Lisa next time—and show you some of her rubber dresses. Meantime enjoy the pictures here and on the back cover.

In 1991, in response to readers' requests, there will be more editions of the RUBBERIST (4 issues instead of 2) and DRESSING FOR PLEASURE (4 issues instead of 3), WIFELIFE (4 issues instead of 2). In place of the Photo Specials there will be a PHOTO ANNUAL. All these magazine will be in colour and will cost £10. The Shiny Magazines and Wifelife will be unchanged in size and price in 1991 (£8) despite the increase in printing costs.

This is the list and the publication dates: WIFELIFE 13 (January), SHINY 55 (February), DRESSING FOR PLEASURE 13 (February), RUBBERIST 7 (March), SHINY 56 (April), WIFELIFE 14 (April), DRESSING FOR PLEASURE 14 (May), SHINY 57 (June), RUBBERIST 8 (June), WIFELIFE 15 (July), PHOTO ANNUAL (July), SHINY 58 (August), DRESSING FOR PLEASURE 15 (August), RUBBERIST 9 (September), SHINY 59 (October), WIFELIFE 16 (November), DRESSING FOR PLEASURE 16 (November), SHINY 60 (December), RUBBERIST 10 (December).

An annual subscription to all the Shiny Magazines will cost £150 instead of £170—a saving of £20. Plus subscribers will qualify for a 15% discount on any Shiny videos. Existing subscribers whose subscriptions expire in 1991 will be advised about the discount renewal costs at the renewal date. Those readers who want to subscribe only to DRESSING FOR PLEASURE and RUBBERIST—£80 may claim a 10% reduction—£72. Overseas readers pay just £80. Overseas readers subscribing to all the magazines must add another £18 as our postage costs have jumped this last year. Those readers who want airmail postage can ask us for a price.



This is 'rubber-crazy' Lisa who we plan to persuade to become a regular contributor.

THE BEST KIND OF THERAPY

Continued from Page 23



Mary was no novice when it came to sex. She swept the rubber cloak back...

rubberwear, that she would need to be very careful as there were so few who saw any pleasure in wearing rubber except as a means of keeping dry in the wet. There were those who would regard her as being 'abnormal'. Liking rubber as a form of dress—or in a sexual context—was considered by many, he had explained to her, to be a perversion and physiologically dangerous.

Mary invited me to inspect her rubber collection. Not really *her* collection, she explained, but something she had inherited from her parents.

She left me to try on some of the garments while she got the supper ready. She shouted from the kitchen that I could sit down at table dressed up in rubber if I liked just so long it didn't hamper me from eating.

I undressed and settled on a pair of transparent rubber briefs, a long sleeved latex T-shirt and some loose latex slacks. I was trembling too much to try anything else although I did slip my feet into what must have been a pair of her father's rubber riding boots as the tiled floor was cold on bare feet.

By this time 'He' was already standing tall but I managed somehow to keep things under control throughout supper. It proved very difficult as I could not take my eyes off

what was sitting opposite me.

All the time Mary was smiling at me with teasing smiles. I think she knew exactly what I and 'He' were going through but she went on chatting as if this was just a normal supper and there was nothing special about the style of supper dress.

Mary announced coffee would be served later. She rose, swishing and rustling. She took my hand and led me into her bedroom. "Now kiss me".

I obliged and rubber rubbed rubber. It was a sound and feeling that was quite unlike anything I had imagined, soothing and erotic, promising and passionate.

Mary gently pushed me down on her bed. The sheet stuck cold though my rubber, as slipped along it I realised it too was made of rubber—white rubber!

Seeing my astonishment, Mary told me her parents had used a sheet just like this one. She smiled that teasing smile again and told me that she believed she had been conceived a quarter of a century ago on a white rubber sheet just like this one.

Mary then bent down and gave me a kiss so passionate that my toes curled. As she was kissing me she pressed my hard cock that was pushing up the front of the latex trousers. She broke away from the kiss and moved beside me on the bed. I moaned.

I started to say something, but Mary put her gloved hand across my mouth and said "Please no talking".

Mary gave me another kiss then slid her rubber-covered form against me. She gripped 'Him' through the rubber pants and briefs and gave a few pumps. She smiled again. She said "Just to get it cocked and loaded".

Mary was no novice when it came to sex. She swept the rubber cloak back to allow her to get onto her knees. The rubber pants were deftly unzipped and 'He' was released to stand out firmly from the gap in the front of my briefs.

Before 'He' had time to feel his freedom, 'He' found himself being eased between moist lips as she bent forward.

I heard myself moan again as she licked and nibbled at 'Him'. She paused only to look up and say "Kissing always gets me all nice and moist". She put her gloved hand down and, after a moment, brought it back up to her mouth to lick her fingers.

Then she rose, the rubber rippling, and pressed me back on the white rubber sheet. She came up beside me for a moment, then she brought her booted leg over and positioned herself over 'Him'.

Mary gripped 'Him'. She lowered herself very slowly down feeding 'Him' in between the cleft in her pants. She was now so wet, and soft, I slid in easily as she went down. After I was in I got very tense with excitement.

Mary sat there as she stroked my face, and chest, but she didn't move. Perhaps she thought that I might prematurely ejaculate. She probably was right as she had me very aroused. She seemed to know what she was doing, so I let her have complete control. She started slowly to ride me, and as she was doing this she put my hands up to play with her breasts. Her nipples were so hard that they were protruding through the rubber bra. They looked so beautiful, and they felt soooooo damn good.

Mary certainly had superb vaginal muscle control. She could squeeze my penis at will, which made the sensation mind blowing. She was moving herself up and down very slowly and gently. She did not want to hurry things although I was beginning to think 'He' had other impatient ideas.

After Mary had enough of me working on her breasts, she locked hands with me. Her fingers were still a little bit wet, which made them feel even more erotic, her rubber gloves so tight I could feel her finger prints. I no longer had control of my vocal cords, we were both moaning as she speeded the rhythm and brought us closer to orgasm. I said hoarsely that I was about to come. She immediately halted the movements so I could calm down. Then she began again.

SHORT STORY

"Let me come", I begged. Mary nodded. Our movements began to get frantic. I could hear the rubber swishing like a fast running river reaching the falls. Mary threw back her head and let out a sound that was like a huge satisfied sigh and I started to spurt hard inside her, giving a long groan. Her whole body tensed up and I could feel her contractions; she almost broke my fingers held by her gloved hands.

As we were trying to catch our breath, Mary pulled herself off me, and in doing so she used her vaginal muscles to grip me until I was all the way out of her. I moaned, I would have sworn that there wasn't a drop left in me.

I now had a good chance to really look at Mary. She was the most perfect, sensuous woman. I couldn't stop myself from reaching over and touching her face. She seemed to like it as she turned her head and kissed my hand.

For a long while we laid there. Then she said, staring at the ceiling. "I have always wondered what it would like to make love dressed in rubber. I often heard mum and dad. They seemed so to enjoy it".

"You mean", I said, "that this is your first time"?

"In rubber? Yes, it is".

"Me too".

We said nothing for a long while then Mary said "Are you not going to ask me"?

"Ask you—oh—that it is nicer in rubber"?

Mary laughed. "I am not sure. I think it is. I am just not sure. I think we may have to do another test. Oh, I forgot, men need a long time before they can get hard again".

"Maybe if you used your rubber gloves", I suggested.

Mary moved over me again. She gently stroked 'Him' using rubber covered finger and thumb. I felt 'Him' stir. Mary did too and she stopped.

"While you are recovering you could do something I like. Use your mouth".

"I would love to" I said, I then gave her a passionate kiss, and moved myself down.

They had learned a lot about each other that night . . .

I lifted Mary's skirt and I saw the most perfect, pink, wet pussy. The rubber clothing on us was so stuck to us by our sweat, that it seemed it was a second skin surrounding our vital parts.

I first licked up all her juices and some of mine that were gently leaking. I had never previously liked the salty taste but mixed with her juices it seemed like a delicious cocktail. I became enthusiastic, too enthusiastic for suddenly Mary pulled her rubber skirt down over my head tightly and grabbed my head so I wasn't moving around so much.

The smell of sex and Mary, the smell of the rubber, the way she had her rubber skirt pulled tight on my head, was more than enough to arouse us both. I was hard again and Mary seemed to be having a series of small private climaxes as my tongue reached in to the dark surround of her skirt and hit the spot.

Mary was wildly excited as she released me from the skirt. She pulled me back up so that I now was lying on her. She gave me a kiss. She then started to lick my face. It is quite a strange sensation to have someone lick your face.

Suddenly she slid from under me and bent herself down to find 'Him' and placed her lips on 'His' swollen head, sucking gently. She sucked and then, satisfied, bent herself back to wiggle under me on the wildly rumpled white rubber sheet which now seemed to be embracing us.

"Now", she said "Do it".

I needed no encouragement. I put a hand down and, as her rubber stocking tops parted, I put 'Him' in. I could feel her bottom moving on the sheet. "Go on, do it" she commanded "Really *do* it to me". I thrust in, paused, withdrew, paused, thrust in. She was beginning to sob now, her head moving side to side in long jerks.

I wanted this to last. I think I would have liked it to have gone on for an endless time, with intervals, with long pauses so I could I could explain how I had fallen in love on white rubber sheet. It wasn't to be. I felt the throb of rising cream, miraculously restocked from some secret source within the rubber. I didn't pause, nor did I give any warning. I went for one really long, hard, strong plunge. Then I let it all go.

"Oh, my God!" was all she said. Then she repeated herself but several decibels higher.

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This isn't quite the way I told it to Derek. I think I may have left out the bit about the rubberwear. After all I didn't want him to get too excited. But I gave him the essentials. I told him that was my special secret technique. I told him that I not especially well endowed but when I met someone like Mary I was inspired. And nobody had previously inspired me in the way that Mary had.

I helped Mary next morning clean up the rubberwear after we had bathed and cleaned ourselves of twelve hours of unbridled lust including two dawn encores that had stuck the rubber to us like Clingfilm. Even the boots had to pried off.

Both of us were feeling tired but eminently satisfied. We had learned a lot during that long night—a lot about each other that gave promise of a lot more that was worth knowing.

Worth knowing was that mutual curiosity about the erotic inspiration of rubber created a strong bond between us. I seemed to Mary to have all the best attributes of the father she had so loved and whose character had, in Mary's eyes, been delineated by his enthusiasm for rubber.

Somewhere between the first and second encores Mary had mused, fondling the white rubber sheet, that if she were ever to contemplate having any children, she would like it to be on a sheet like this with someone just like me.

Still feeling drained and weak but immensely satisfied we parted at the hospital. Mary thought I would not need another massage. "Your bruised disc", she said, "has survived the clinical tests to my complete satisfaction". She smiled that secret smile again. "You seem to have made a perfect recovery Clayton darling". She gave me a little kiss. "Mind you, you might need a little more exercise to keep you in shape. Perhaps another evening . . .?"

"You're not leaving now are you?" Derek said in dismay as I rose to go having told him the good news about my back.

"Yes, I have a rather special appointment". I slipped my hand in my pocket and showed him the little box I was carrying, the one I had just collected from the jeweller. "I am rather hoping", I said, "that this will entitle me to have my own in-house physio-therapist. She has all proper the equipment for my complaint right there in her wardrobe should I get a sudden twinge and she knows the proper treatment".

The look on Derek's face was worth paying the tab for.

SEA MAIDEN



If you are a regular reader you will have met Chantelle already—in the recent issue of *Wifelife* (Housewife Special 12). Her love story is all there — how she met her husband.

Chantelle is something of an extrovert and so her husband soon had her sharing his enthusiasm for dressing for pleasure.

As they both live by the sea, there have been many romantic walks along the beach at night. Suitably dressed.

"I do love my black mac and my boots.

I make it a habit not to wear too much underneath—at least not where it matters. I think the rustling gets him going —

and then there is me. The difficult bit is to find a secluded corner along the shore.

Otherwise it means a hurried trip home.

Now turn over . . .





Rubber stockings, green wellies, rubber blouse, red rubber pants and an SBR mac—these are Chantelle's choice of dress for a walk on the beach with Colin and a splash along the tideline. "I do like the fresh air and the exercise" says Chantelle coyly. "Besides it is what he likes me to wear and it certainly gets him off to a good start!"



IN MANY LAYERS—Continued from Page 10

must certainly 'hot things up' and enhance the rubber odour.

Note that the strap is not buckled so tight that the arms could not be pulled free if it proved necessary. The same applies to the ankle straps.

Then comes what the ardent rubberist calls 'his ultimate experience'—a heavy rubber waist-long head cover. This is left open at the bottom so there is no restriction on breathing. 'The object is to be total darkness with the smell of divine rubber in the nostrils . . . it is a time of total relaxation . . . half an hour

is enough and then I am released and undress and soak in a warm bath . . . the feeling of being at peace with ones self is incredible'.

It must be emphasised that this kind of total enclosure with restriction should only be attempted with someone present who can not only apply the restriction but can free the ardent rubberist quickly if the need arises.

These pictures were taken by the late John Sutcliffe and kindly loaned to us by the 'ardent rubberist' who is now doing the same 'down under'.

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You will be glad to know that we have listened to the pleas and will be publishing the Rubberist four times in 1991—March, late June, September and December.

The other good news is that almost all the 48 pages will be in colour.

The bad news is that we will have to raise the cover price to £10. Colour printing is very expensive but as your contributions are nearly always in colour, what else can we do—in order to please you?

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RUBBER FRIENDS

Continued from Page 8

admiring me with open mouth. It did my ego so much good to be admired like this and it was so good for Peter to know he had such an 'exciting' wife.

There must be many women who would enjoy such flattering attention and such stares. If Peter had not been there I might have had dates for the rest of the year from men who followed me right to where we had parked the car.

Back home the belt, the dress, the shoes came off and then it was Superaction. We both had simultaneous orgasms so quickly. Rubber-ecstasy is something I can recommend to other women.

We have experimented with gasmasks for many of our games and some kinds of soft bondage—just with the idea of making ourselves the prisoners of rubber so that our sexual feelings become more intense and build up for such an explosion.

Now we have made such good friends—a couple whose pictures have been in your magazine and which we have seen many times and admired. Then we discovered that they lived not so far away.

It is so much more exciting when you can share your 'hobby' with others who get the same kind of pleasure. You discover new things, new experiments, new clothes to try and, best of all, it helps you to realise that you not special freaks with your hobby and that you are just having healthy sexual fun.

It's nice having another woman who I can talk to. It is also nice to know that someone who shares your 'hobby' is going to be someone already on the same mental wavelength as yourself with a similar personality and similar tastes in everything.

Those with a rubber 'hobby' are intelligent and sensitive people. Sometimes they are shy too but is so worthwhile to overcome that shyness and be open about your 'hobby'. I wish women understood this better. It would help them have a better marriage. Those couples who share a hobby like this are not so likely to ever seek a divorce. Our friends have helped us with our photography as you can see and now we are inventing a new game where we make a home-video. We already have the script—a mistress clad in red rubber is training her rubber servants to serve her in this medieval castle. It is not yet finished but it has been such fun in the making.

It is real friendship when you can share your 'hobby' with close friends. And when that hobby is RUBBER then you find you have the perfect marriage and the recipe for happiness in a problem world.

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SANDRA

continued from Page 4

him into all the harness and straps.

As you can see, K has designed for himself a most elaborate heavy rubber costume. It has more rings on it than you would find in a jewellers and so many buckles and straps and little padlocks.

K could not get it all on without help. Anyway this bondage stuff is dangerous unless there is someone there to get you out quick if you find you are in trouble. K likes it best, he says, if there someone

understanding doing up the straps and fitting the clips. He says it helps too if it is female like me—someone he can worship.

As I say, I am not into the bondage stuff but K was getting such a kick out of it—real pleasure—that I thought it might be fun for Ian and I to try some of the things.

From one of his bags K fetched a set of leather straps which he used to fasten my ankles and my wrists. Then K asked me to close my eyes and open my mouth.

I had known K long enough to to have complete faith in him and know he wouldn't do anything I wouldn't agree

to. I did as he asked expecting one his ball gags to be fitted between my lips. Instead I got a flat piece of foul tasting rubber with a metal tube that K asked me to hold between my lips.

K then showed me a rubber half mask which fitted under my chin and with straps that went over my head. As I had already told him that I didn't like gas masks or full facial hoods, this, he said, was a compromise.

K fitted the metal tube through the hole in the front of the half mask which was a relief as the tube had been hurting my mouth. Then K fitted on the end of the tube a length of rubber tube with a rubber bulb on the end.

Next he fitted me with a rubber collar and then a rubber blindfold.

To be honest, I was beginning to panic a bit but K went on reassuring me about 'a totally new experience'. He got me to kneel down and then put the rubber bulb in my hand. He urged me to squeeze the bulb. I did. Suddenly the piece of rubber in my mouth started to swell up.

K was urging me to go on squeezing but I was thinking 'noway'. K started to squeeze the bulb and then and I could feel the gag swelling in my mouth and expanding my cheeks.

K removed my blindfold and asked if I felt comfortable? He said to blink if I was not. I was blinking furiously. K let the gag go down.

What happened next, and then when it was Ian's turn, is another story and will have to wait until I get the rest of K's pictures.

I will be honest and say that I was very, very glad when I was released from the half mask and the gag and had sort of made up my mind that although Sandra is ready to try anything once, there would be no twice.

Funny though, since K' visit, and since writing this for you, I have started thinking. I keep seeing the mental picture of Ian in a rubber hood with rubber tubes poking through—and the expression in his eyes. I keep remembering the strange feeling—not so much fright as of daring—when that gag was inflating.

I don't know, I think I might like to try something like that again. I am definitely looking forward to getting my own back on K and can't wait to start pumping up that inflatable gag and watch K's cheeks bulge out.





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MORRIS/CLISTS New nationwide club for both halves. For further details send s.a.e. to XSD/6, PO Box 685, Bristol BS9 1TY.

Loosely male 25, slim, clean, genuine, loves both men and sexy clothes, seeks lovely ladies for good times together. Exchange photos, phone numbers first. London, anywhere. Box R64.

Couples or ladies with Dressing for Pleasure: interests and mutual desires please answer in total confidence. East of Scotland. Box R65.

Scotland and Northern England—anyone interested in starting a club, pool or social, for ladies and gentlemen interested dressing for pleasure in leather and rubber etc? Please send ideas, suggestions, to Box R66.

Male 27, clean, seeks female (35-55) into boots, gloves, leather, rubber, with or without husband, for indoor and outdoor evening activity. S. London, Surrey area. Box R67.

and 20, not smokers, seek couple/female for intimate fun. We like to see ladies per se, not by women. We need no download. Photo and see please. We can accommodate or travel. Gloucester and surrounding area. No fees. Box R68.

Male, 25, into high heels, boots, PVC, rubber and leather seeks dominant lady (18-30) with similar interests in Italian area, photo if possible please. Box R69.

Western Canadian rubberists would like to correspond with any singles or couples dedicated to rubber pleasures. Box R69/30.

Male, 38, desires to correspond and meet females and couples with unusual Slitsy tastes, for sexual sincere friendship, to extend experience in rubberwear. Alabama. S.E. London. Box R69/30.

Male, 26, new to scene/seeks genuine rubber mistress to train him. Hertfordshire, Essex, Cambridgeshire preferred but willing to travel. Needs teaching but willing to learn. Box R69/1.

Sportsman and former in soft shiny latex. Wife to M et Mrs Quenif, BP 651, 44088 Names road 01, France. Enclose £2 for prices and lists. Colour pictures also available.

Amateur photographer with extensive collection, based in New York and Canada, wishes to meet ladies, couples with similar interests. Box R69/2.

Male/seeks female, loves rubber/plastic, moist, white, phone. Photo if possible. Any age. Box R69/3.

Photographer, 25, seeks lady into rubber, leather and high heels for modeling and possible fun. Sincerity and discretion guaranteed and expected. Can travel and accommodate. Box R69/4.

Magician such as Slitsy, '97, W/F Rubberist and similar varied by private collector. Also videos, homemade videos and photos wanted on any related subject. Cash paid. Box R69/5.

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